GOLD KEY

10197-710
OCTOBER

THE GIRL FROM U.N.C.L.E.

12¢

THE GIRL FROM U.N.C.L.E.*

KOOKY—
SPOOKY
ADVENTURE!

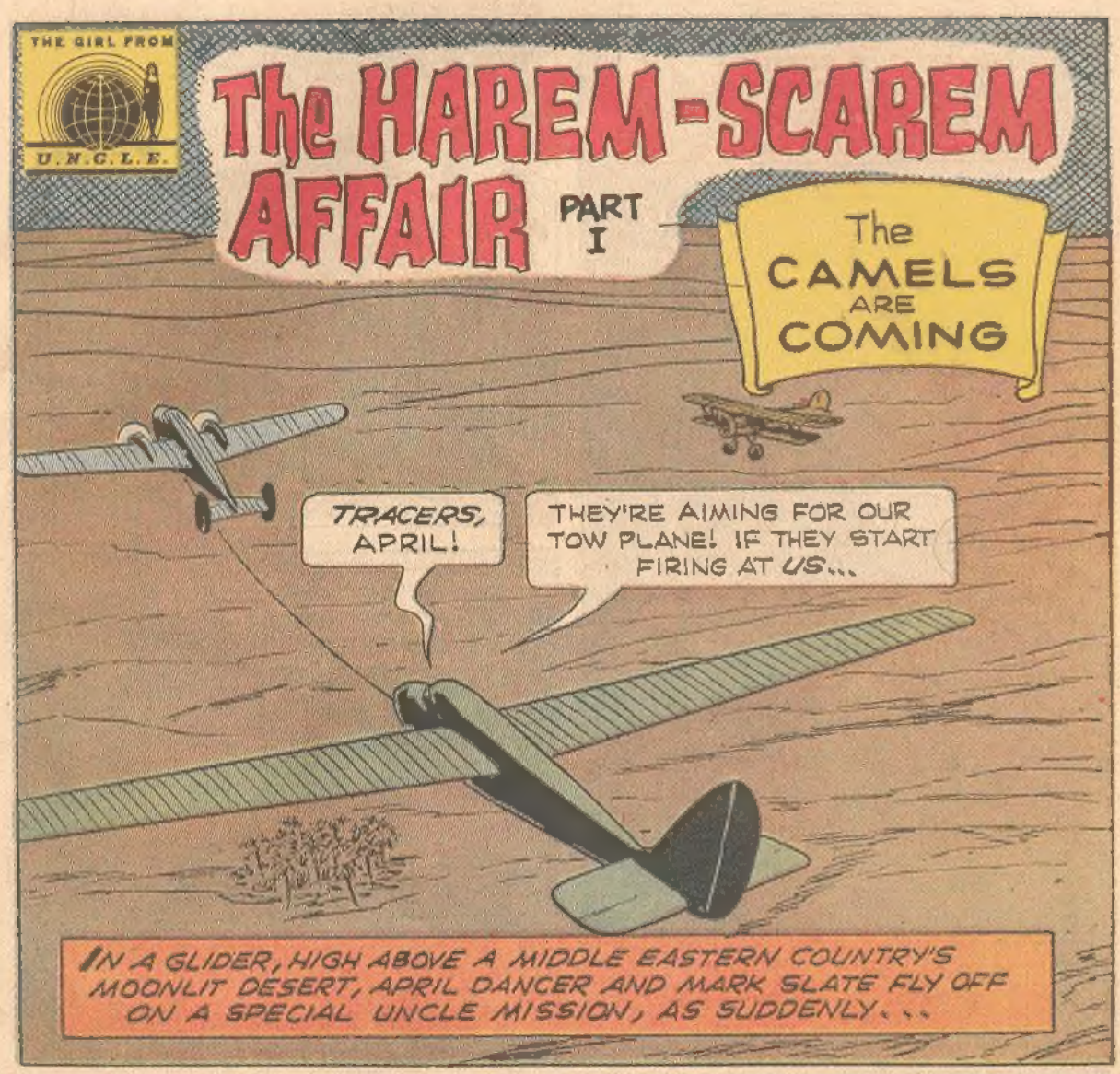
THE GIRL FROM U.N.C.L.E.

*UNITED NETWORK COMMAND FOR LAW AND ENFORCEMENT.

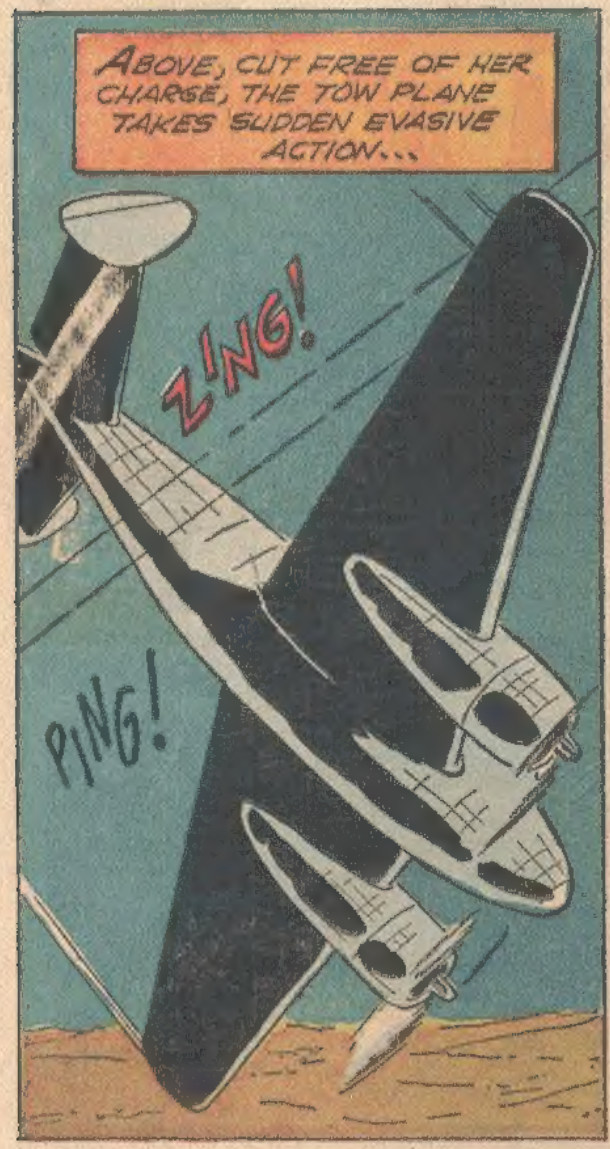
© 1967, METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER INC.

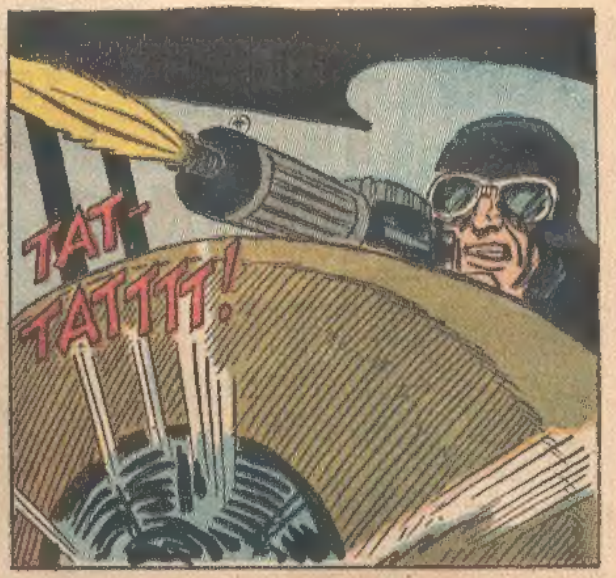
CORNERED...

but never cowed,
April Dancer, the
Girl from U.N.C.L.E.,
and her partner,
Mark Slate,
always fight their way
out when they're
backed to the wall!



THE GIRL FROM U.N.C.L.E., No. 5, October, 1967. Published bi-monthly by K.K. Publications, Inc., North Road, Poughkeepsie, New York 12602.
All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Designed, produced and printed in the U.S.A. by Western Printing and Lithographing Company. Copyright © 1967, by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Inc.


ABOVE, CUT FREE OF HER CHARGE, THE TOW PLANE TAKES SUDDEN EVASIVE ACTION...
ZING!
PING!


TAT-TATTT!

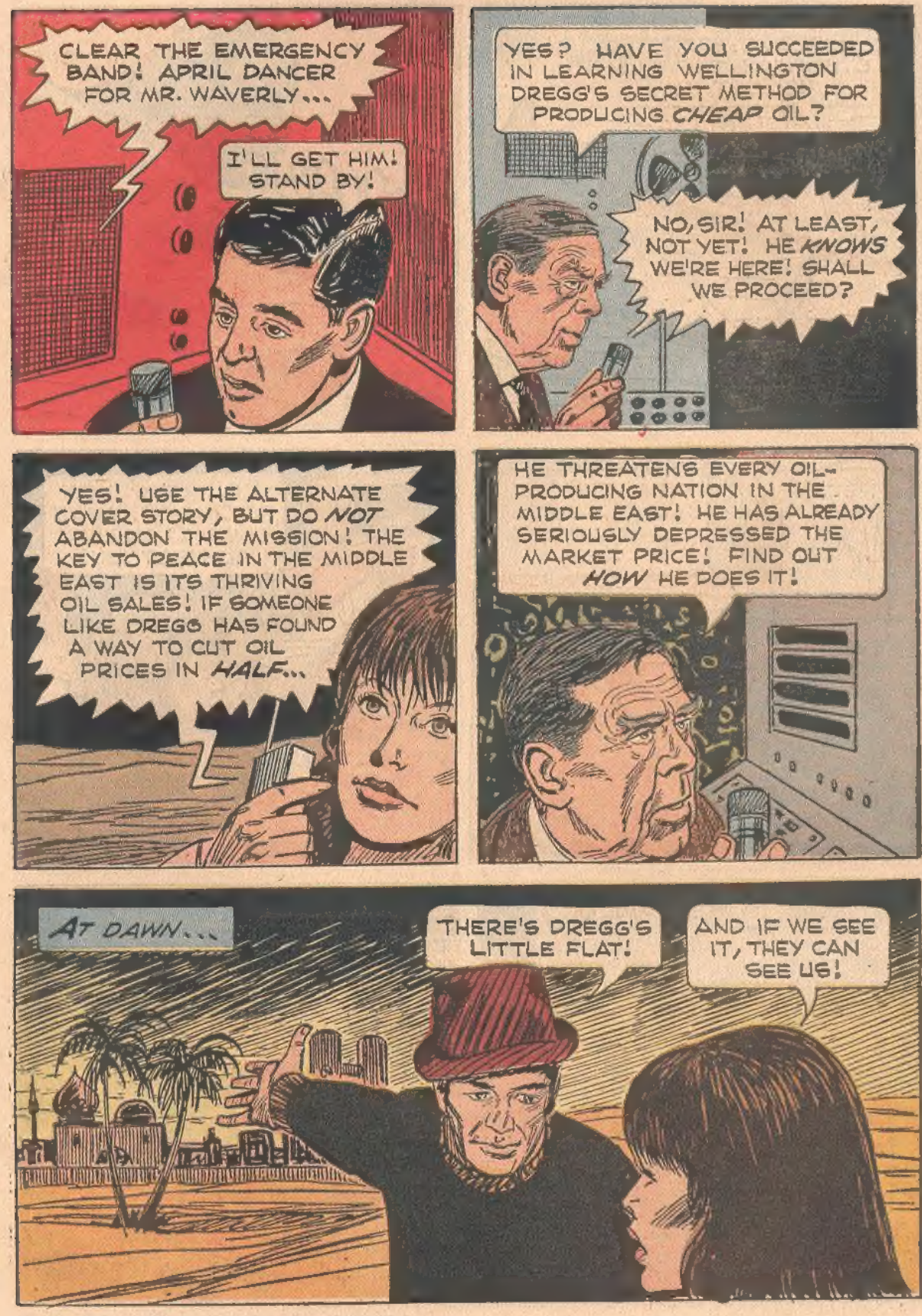
IT'S A BI-PLANE...LIKE SOMETHING FROM WORLD WAR 1!
WHEREVER IT'S FROM, AT LEAST IT'S FLYING AWAY FROM US!

MARK, WE'RE ALMOST OVER THE DESERT ENCLAVE OWNED BY WELLINGTON DREGG...
JUST PUT US DOWN SO WE DON'T FALL INTO THE HANDS OF THAT AMERICAN TURNED ARAB SHEIK!

AT HIS DESERT PALACE, WELLINGTON DREGG STUDIES THE RADARSCOPE...
MY AIR FORCE MISSED THE REAL TARGET! ANOTHER PLANE SEEMS TO BE HEADING MY WAY... AND FROM ITS FLIGHT PATTERN, I'D GUESS A GLIDER!

A GLIDER MAY BE LANDING NEAR THE WADI! ALERT MY CAMEL CORPS!
CONSIDER THE INTRUDERS CAUGHT, MY MASTER!
MEANWHILE...
MARK! HANG ON!
NICE JOB, APRIL! YOU CAN PARK MY CAR ANY TIME!
LET'S GET OUT THE CAMOUFLAGE PANELS AND TRY HIDING THIS BEFORE ANYONE SEES IT!
LET'S HOPE NO ONE FINDS IT OR US!
AND WE FIND THE ANSWERS MR. WAVERLY SENT US HERE TO GET!
OH-OH! COMPANY!
IF THERE'S ONE THING WE DON'T NEED, IT'S A WELCOMING COMMITTEE!

LET'S THROW A LITTLE LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT!
WHOOOOMPH!
BWOOOOM!
WHOA! IN THE NAME OF THE PROPHET... STOP!
H-HELP!
I'LL ALERT MR. WAVERLY... NOW THAT DREGG KNOWS WE'RE HERE, MR. WAVERLY MAY WANT TO CHANGE OUR ORDERS!
HARDLY LIKELY, APRIL! BUT LET'S FIND OUT!


CLEAR THE EMERGENCY BAND! APRIL DANCER FOR MR. WAVERLY...
I'LL GET HIM! STAND BY!
YES? HAVE YOU SUCCEEDED IN LEARNING WELLINGTON DREGG'S SECRET METHOD FOR PRODUCING CHEAP OIL?
NO, SIR! AT LEAST, NOT YET! HE KNOWS WE'RE HERE! SHALL WE PROCEED?
YES! USE THE ALTERNATE COVER STORY, BUT DO NOT ABANDON THE MISSION! THE KEY TO PEACE IN THE MIDDLE EAST IS ITS THRIVING OIL SALES! IF SOMEONE LIKE DREGG HAS FOUND A WAY TO CUT OIL PRICES IN HALF...
HE THREATENS EVERY OIL-PRODUCING NATION IN THE MIDDLE EAST! HE HAS ALREADY SERIOUSLY DEPRESSED THE MARKET PRICE! FIND OUT HOW HE DOES IT!
AT DAWN...
THERE'S DREGG'S LITTLE FLAT!
AND IF WE SEE IT, THEY CAN SEE US!

I HOPE THEY DON'T SEE US! OTHERWISE, THEY'LL HIT US! GET DOWN!
VOOOOOM!
A NET!
YES! THEY'VE CAUGHT A COUPLE OF POOR FISH ...US!
SOON...
MR. DREGG! HOW FORTUNATE! WE'VE COME A LONG WAY TO MEET YOU!
REALLY? ARRIVING BY GLIDER MAKES IT HARD TO BELIEVE THAT YOU CAME TO BE SEEN AS WELL AS TO SEE!
WE'RE REPORTERS! SENT TO DO A PROFILE ON YOU AND THOUGHT WE'D DO BETTER TURNING UP SUDDENLY THAN ASKING FOR PERMISSION TO BE ALLOWED IN!
REMEMBER... THAT'S EASILY CHECKED! BUT MEANWHILE, WHAT DO I DO WITH YOU?

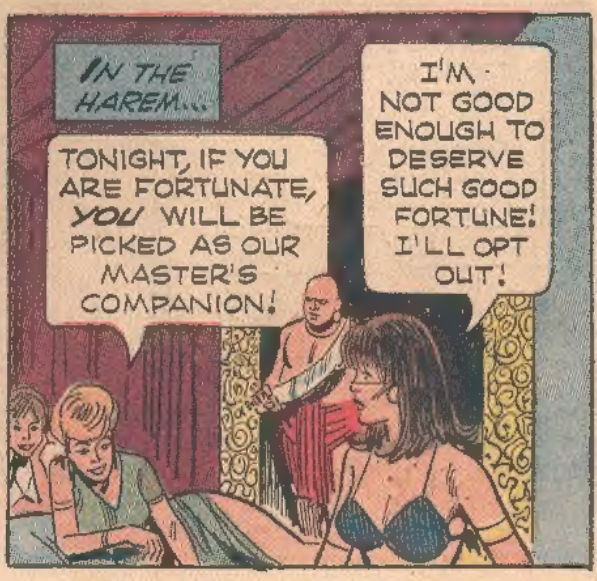
WHY NOT LET US START INTERVIEWING YOU?
I'LL WAIT TILL I CONFIRM YOUR STORY! RIGHT NOW, CONSIDER YOURSELVES MY GUESTS! YOU'LL BE TAKEN TO OUR... GUEST ROOM!
AN HOUR LATER..
THIS LOCKED GUEST ROOM IS CHARMING, MARK, BUT I BELIEVE WE CAN LEARN MORE OUTSIDE IT!
PUTTING YOUR LIPSTICK IN THE KEYHOLE?
I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT YOUR LIPSTICK WAS DYNAMITE, APRIL!
POOF!
I BELIEVE WE ARE FREE TO WANDER NOW!
THAT'S FAR ENOUGH!
SORRY ABOUT THE LOCK, BUT I CAN'T STAND BEING IN ONE PLACE TOO LONG...
SPIES! THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE! INDUSTRIAL SPIES OUT TO LEARN HOW I CAN PRODUCE OIL AT LESS THAN HALF THE MARKET PRICE! NOW, YOU'LL BE TREATED AS SPIES!

WELL, REPORTERS ARE A "TYPE" OF SPY...
I'LL GIVE YOU BOTH A GOOD *INSIDE* STORY FOR YOUR FEATURE THEN!

TAKE HIM TO THE *SLAVE WORKS!*... AND YOU, MISS NOSEY, CAN GET AN INSIDE STORY ON MY *HAREM!*
CONSIDER IT DONE, MY MASTER!

SOON...
KEEP TURNING THIS WHEEL? ... BUT IT'S FOOLISH! WHAT'S THE POINT?

TURNING THE WHEEL MAKES THE PALACE'S *ELECTRIC POWER!* WALK!
O-OF COURSE! FAR BE IT FROM ME TO KEEP HIS EXALTED NOTHINGNESS IN THE DARK!


IN THE HAREM...
TONIGHT, IF YOU ARE FORTUNATE, *YOU* WILL BE PICKED AS OUR MASTER'S COMPANION!
I'M NOT GOOD ENOUGH TO DESERVE SUCH GOOD FORTUNE! I'LL OPT OUT!

AS APRIL STARTS FOR THE HAREM ENTRANCE, THE GREAT SCIMITAR SWINGS, BUT APRIL STRIKES FIRST...
H-HEY!
BUT AS APRIL DARTS OFF, THE FALLING GUARD'S HAND YANKS A LEVER...
T-THE FLOOR—IT'S OPEN NG UP!
SPLAAASH!
AND WHEN THAT FLAME REACHES THIS OIL... MY CAREER WILL END IN A BLAZE OF GLORY!
CONTINUED...

The Wooden Tanks

Early in 1944 the Allied drive on Rome was stalled far south of the city. The German lines were holding fast.

At Anzio the Allies had tried to surprise the Nazis with a landing behind their lines. But the Allied attack was contained and confined to a small beachhead.

Meanwhile, Rome had been declared an "open city" which meant, technically, that the Germans would not use it in their war operations.

However, the skeptical generals of the American army were certain that the Nazis were ready to use every dirty trick in the book to keep the Allies from driving northward into Rome.

To keep an eye on German activity the Allies had long since established a highly-efficient spy network inside Rome. These secret agents, consisting of Italian partisans, disgruntled Italian army men who were unhappy with the German domination of Italy, and members of American Intelligence were relaying regular bulletins about German activity in and around Rome.

Then one day a curious item cropped up among the reports of the Allied agents. According to well authenticated rumors, the Germans were building great numbers of tanks and cannon in the Eternal City. What was even more puzzling was that the guns and tanks were being made out of wood in several of Rome's carpenter shops.

The agents knew that the Germans must have some clever plan up their sleeves. From their contacts among sympathetic Italian officers it was discovered that the Germans were planning an attack on the Anzio beachhead. The scheme was to smash at the flanks of the perimeter and drive the Allies into the sea.

With this information came the solution to the mystery of the wooden tanks and cannon, dozens of which were now being turned out in the woodworking shops of Cinecitta, Rome's huge motion picture studios. The Nazis intended to place this dummy equipment at the center of the Anzio front, hoping to trick Allied observers about the real deployment of German forces.

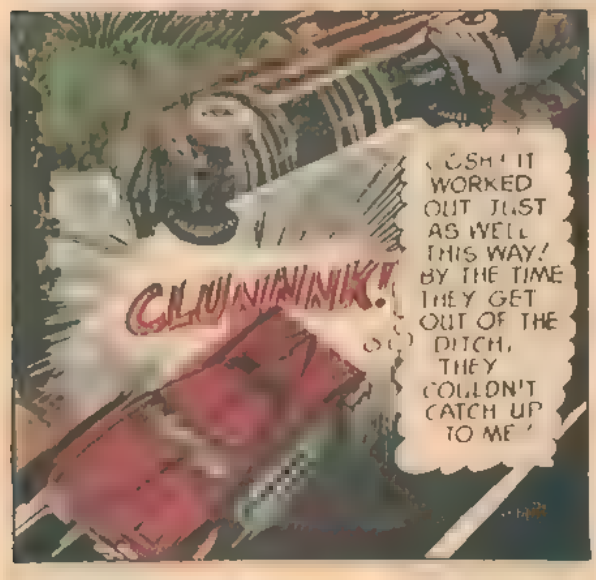
Allied spies came up with the exact location and number of the fake artillery and armor. Anti-Nazi partisans also spotted the concentration of the real tanks and guns.

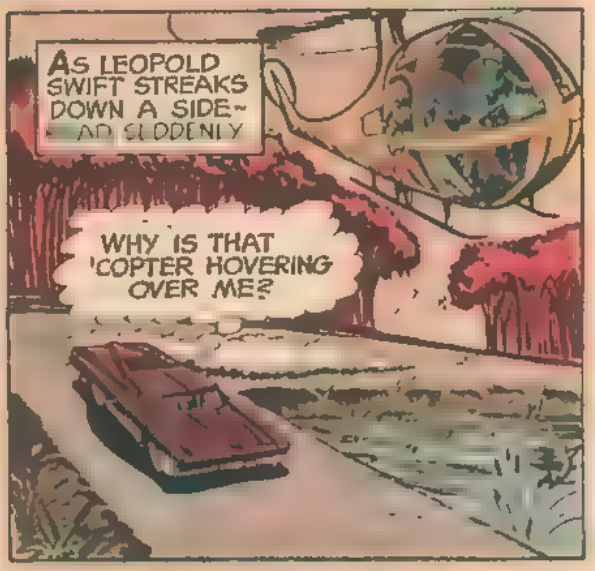
When the Germans opened their assault Allied bombers and fighter bombers took to the air. Armed with the exact location of the German equipment the bombers pinned down enemy troops and destroyed his vehicles and his armor. By March 5th the Germans gave up the attack on Anzio.

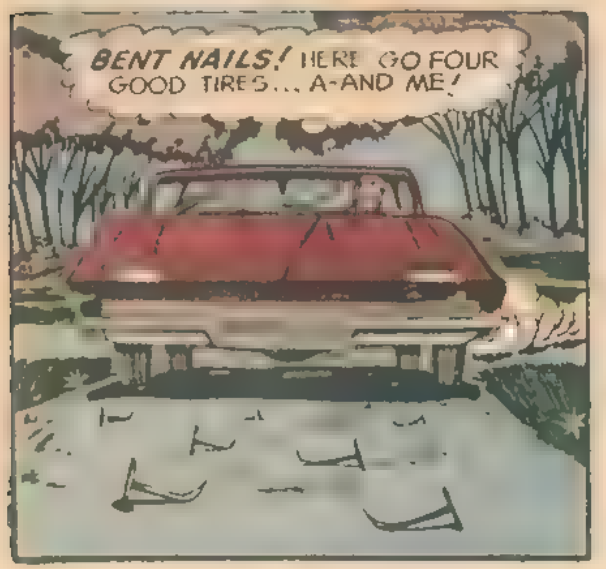
History records that the ancient Greeks used a wooden horse to capture Troy. But a German attempt to pull the same stunt with wooden tanks and cannon failed miserably . . . thanks to the alertness of Allied Intelligence.

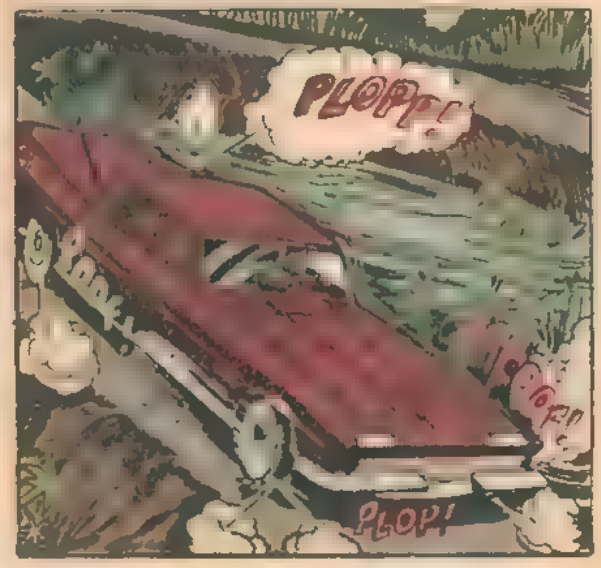
LEOPOLD SWIFT-Courier
BUBBLE-TROUBLE
A
SWIFT, GETTING THAT DISPATCH CASE TO THE BERLIN AIRPORT SAFELY IS MOST IMPORTANT TO OUR NATION'S SECURITY!
DON'T WORRY, SIR! IT'S AS GOOD AS DELIVERED! I WON'T LOSE IT!
YOU CAN'T! NOT WITH THAT HANDCUFF LOCKED ONTO YOU!
PUT THIS AWAY TILL YOU MEET YOUR CONTACT AT THE AIRPORT!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT VITAL THINGS ARE IN THAT BRIEFCASE, BUT
ACTUALLY, WHAT IS IN THAT BRIEFCASE?
WELL, IF THE OTHER SIDE FOLLOWS AND GRABS HIM, ALL THEY'LL GET IS A BOX OF HIGH-POWERED DETERGENT!
QUICK! INTO OUR CAR!
MINUTES LATER...
OH-OH! I'M BEING FOLLOWED! I'LL JUST SLIP INTO HIGH GEAR AND REALLY PUT ON THE SPEED!

OOOOPS! WRONG GEAR!

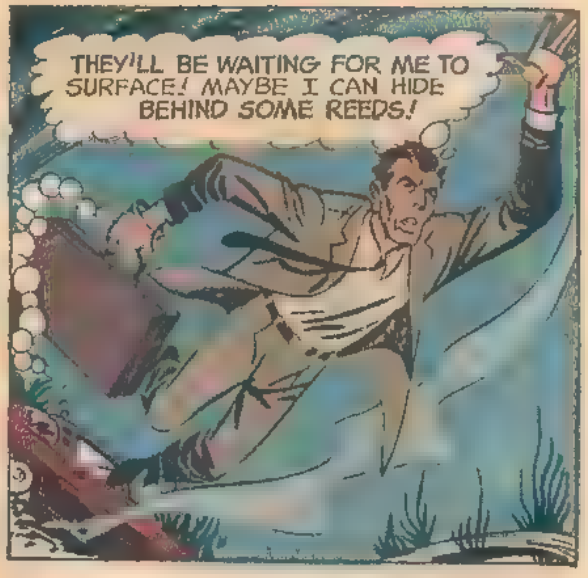

GLUNINK!
GOSH! IT WORKED OUT JUST AS WELL THIS WAY! BY THE TIME THEY GET OUT OF THE DITCH, THEY COULDN'T CATCH UP TO ME!


AS LEOPOLD SWIFT STREAKS DOWN A SIDE-
AD SUDDENLY
WHY IS THAT 'COPTER HOVERING OVER ME?

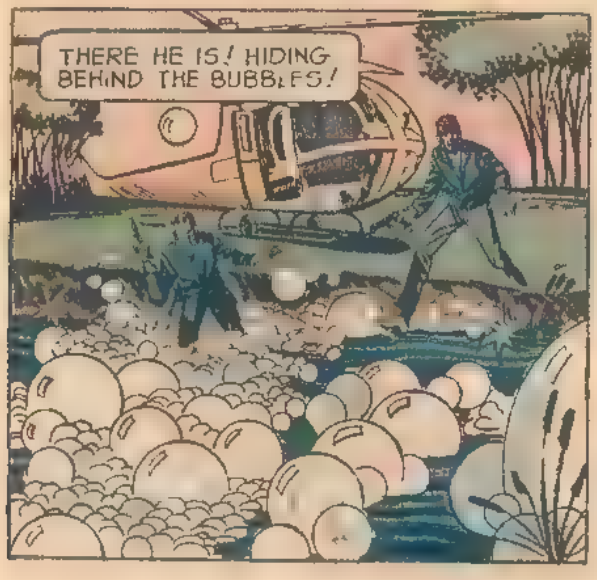

BENT NAILS! HERE GO FOUR GOOD TIRES... A-AND ME!


PLOPP!
PLOP!

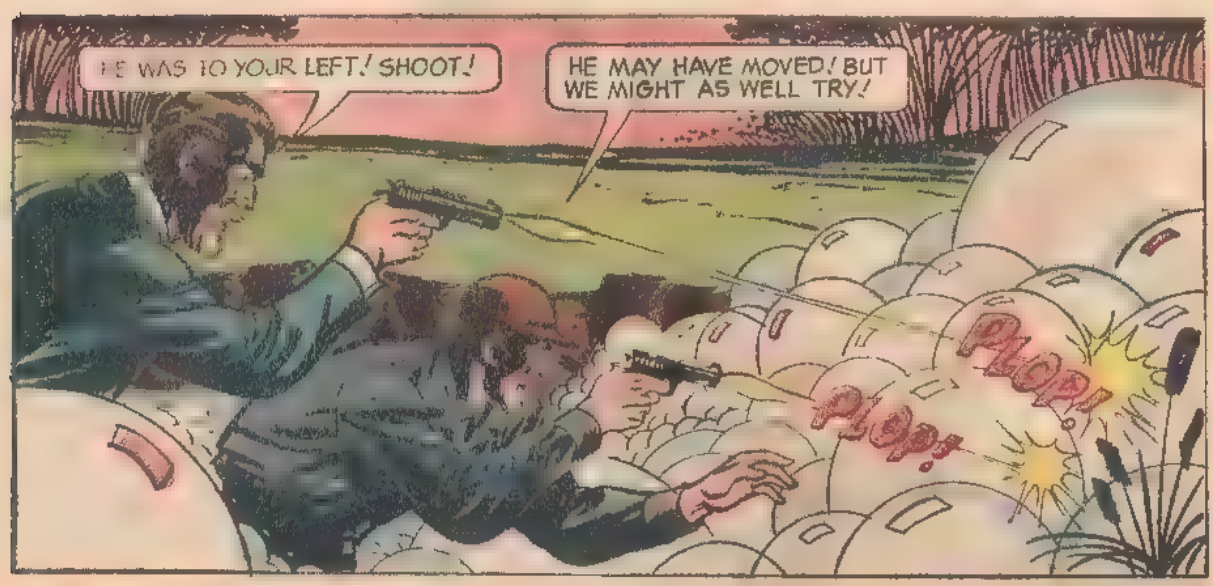
SPLASH

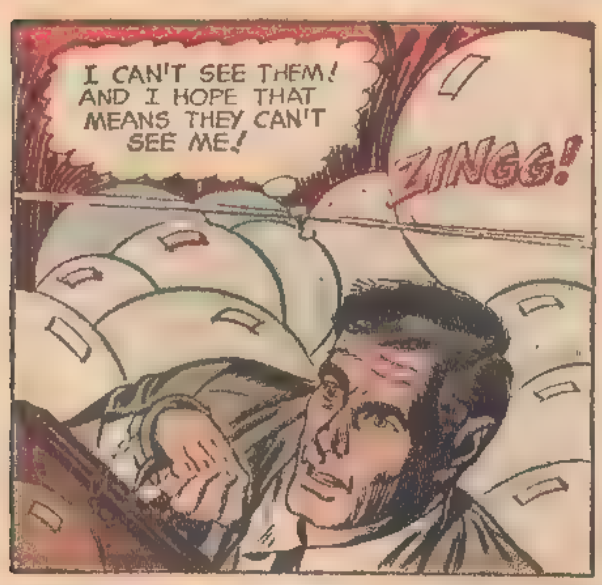

THEY'LL BE WAITING FOR ME TO SURFACE! MAYBE I CAN HIDE BEHIND SOME REEDS!

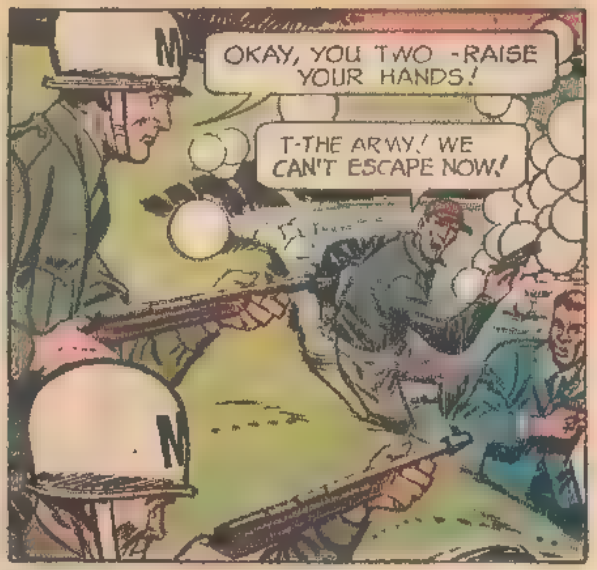
NOT A SIGN OF THEM! THEY SHOULDN'T FIND ME HERE TOO EASILY!


THERE HE IS! HIDING BEHIND THE BUBBLES!

GET THESE BUBBLES OUT OF HERE!
SCAT! GO AWAY! HOW CAN ANYONE SEE?

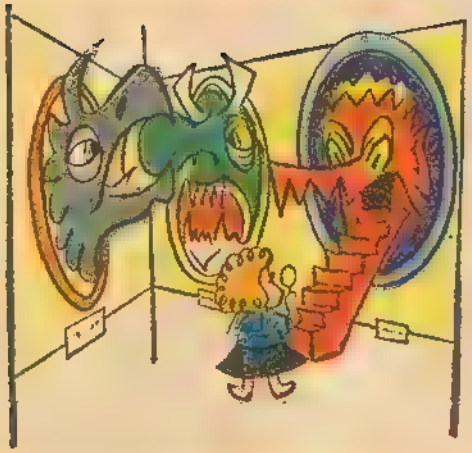

HE WAS TO YOUR LEFT! SHOOT!
HE MAY HAVE MOVED! BUT WE MIGHT AS WELL TRY!
PLOP!
PLOP!


I CAN'T SEE THEM! AND I HOPE THAT MEANS THEY CAN'T SEE ME!
ZINGG!


OKAY, YOU TWO -RAISE YOUR HANDS!
T-THE ARMY! WE CAN'T ESCAPE NOW!

NICE GOING, MR. SWIFT! YOU DECOYED THOSE SPIES WHILE THE COURIER WITH THE VITAL DISPATCH CASE MADE IT TO THE AIRPORT! YOU CAN GET RID OF THAT THING NOW!
FINE!... OH-OH! THE KEY'S MISSING!

IT FELL SOMEWHERE DOWN HERE! I'M BOUND TO FIND IT-- SOONER OR LATER!



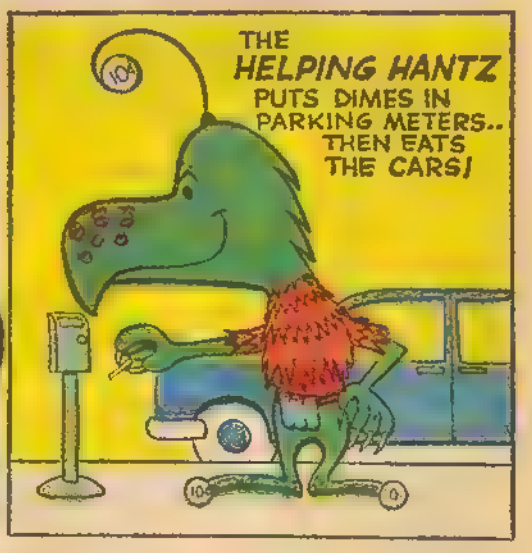
MONSTER MUSEUM

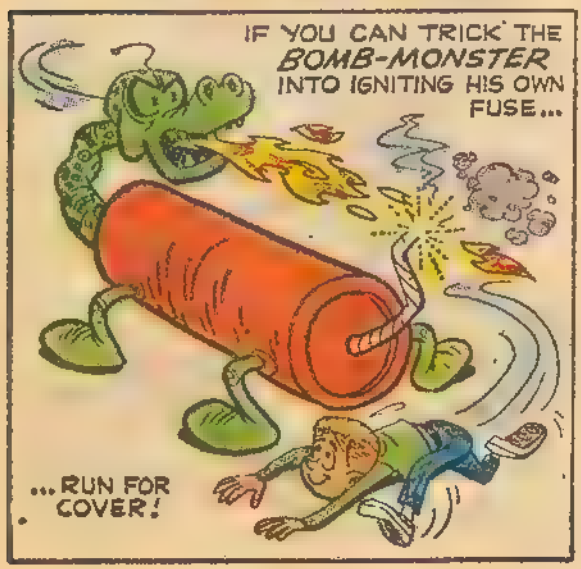
Our Monster Museum is a pretty busy place these days, what with *one monster after another* claiming recognition and trying to outscare each other. We hope you enjoy this collection.

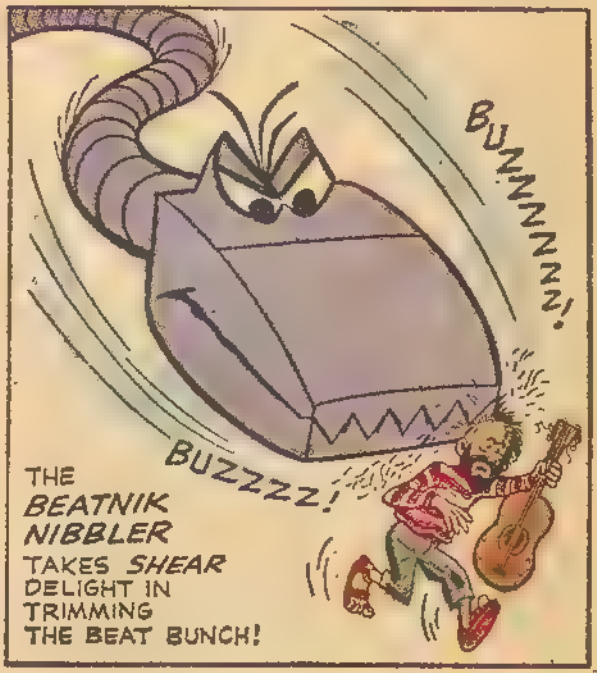
© 1967 BY WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

THE CONSTELLATION DRAGON

...ONLY LIGHTS UP WHEN IT'S TOO LATE... AFTER HIS VICTIMS ARE TRAPPED!







Jest for Fun

Puzzle: Why does a humming bird hum?
Ans: Because he doesn't know the words.

Carl Garrison—Santee, California

Joke:
Animal: What seems to be the matter Mrs. Kangaroo?
Ans: I don't know I haven't been feeling jumpy lately.

Pamela Moore—Brookline, Massachusetts

Riddle:
Old Man: What are a person's last teeth called?
Chip: I don't know
Old Man: False Teeth

Jane Morgan—Vienna, Georgia

Joke:
Joe: I haven't slept for ten days;
Dick: Aren't you tired?
Joe: No I slept nights.

Joel Lorentz—Spokane, Washington

Riddle:
Question: What question can never be answered yes?
Ans: Are you asleep?

Susan Clairman—Des Moines, Iowa

Riddle:
Question: What's the last thing a cowboy puts on his horse?
Ans: Himself

Gregory Patarini—Chicago, Illinois

Riddle:
Blacky: Are you a scared of your shadow?
Light: No why?
Blacky: Because I can never find mine.

Renee L. Smith—Louisville, Kentucky

Joke:
The Teacher said to a student, "Spell Mouse"
Student: Mous
Teacher: What's at the end of it?
Student: A Tail

Sergio Bak—Miami Beach, Florida

Riddle: What has one horn and gives milk?
Ans: A Milk truck!

Linda Priefozny—c/o APO, New York

Riddle: What goes all around the world without moving and stays in one corner?
Ans: A postage stamp!

Valerie Helman—B.C., Canada

Joke:
Tony: Jimmy, what would you do if you were in my shoes?
Jimmy: Shine them!

Butch Harrison—Mobile, Alabama

Riddle: What did one penny say to the other?
Answer: Let's get together and make some sense.

Lonnie Adell, South Ozone Park, New York

Riddle: If a doggy lost his tail, where would he get another one?
Answer: At the re-tail store.

Fred Krepps, Santa Ana, California

Riddle: Who always goes to bed with shoes on?
Answer: A horse.

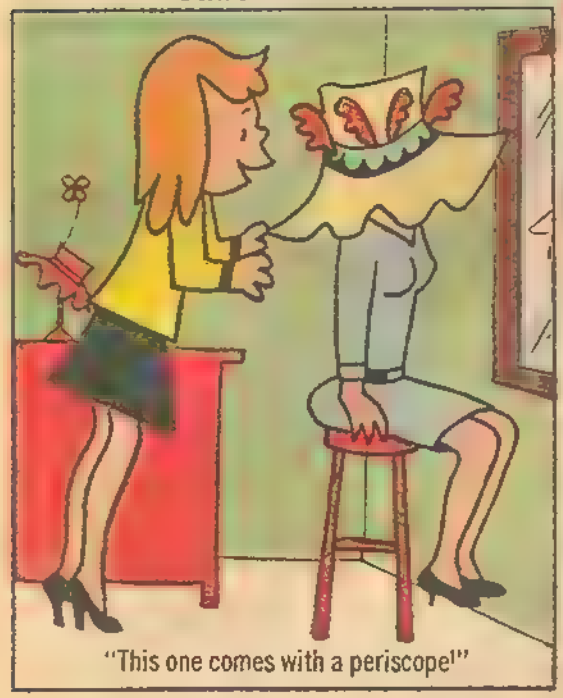
Dean Wendlandt, Randolph, Wisconsin

Riddle: What do you have when you cross a mink with Kangaroo?
Answer: A fur coat with pockets.

Kenton Hudgens, Waynesville, Missouri

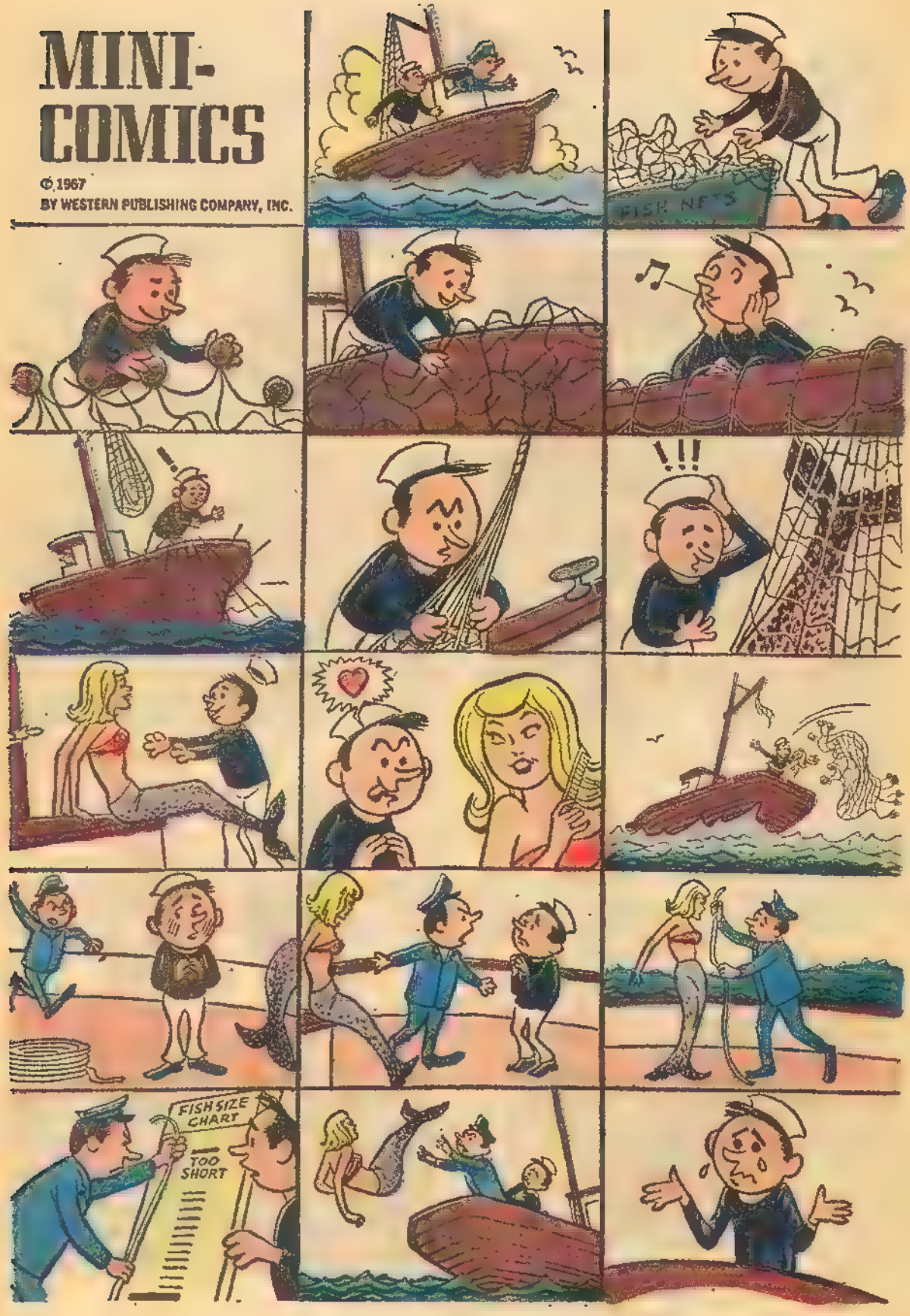
CHUCKLE TIME

© 1967 BY WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC



MINI-COMICS

©1967
BY WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

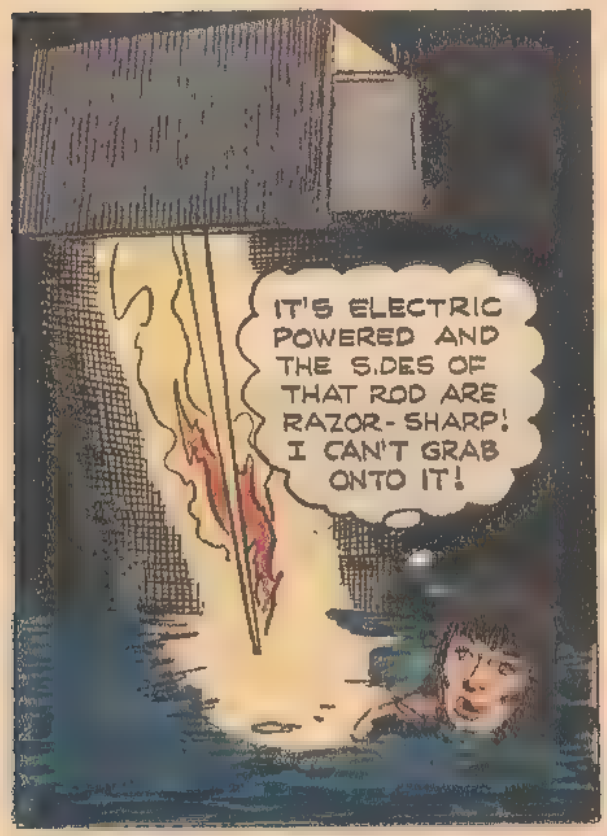


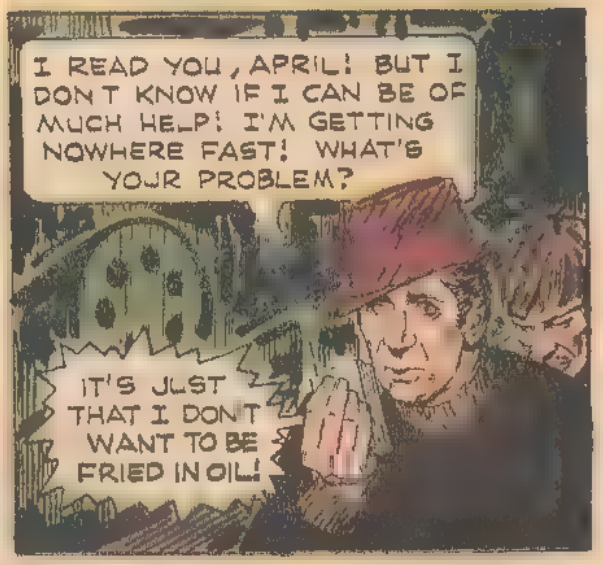
THE GIRL FROM UNCLE

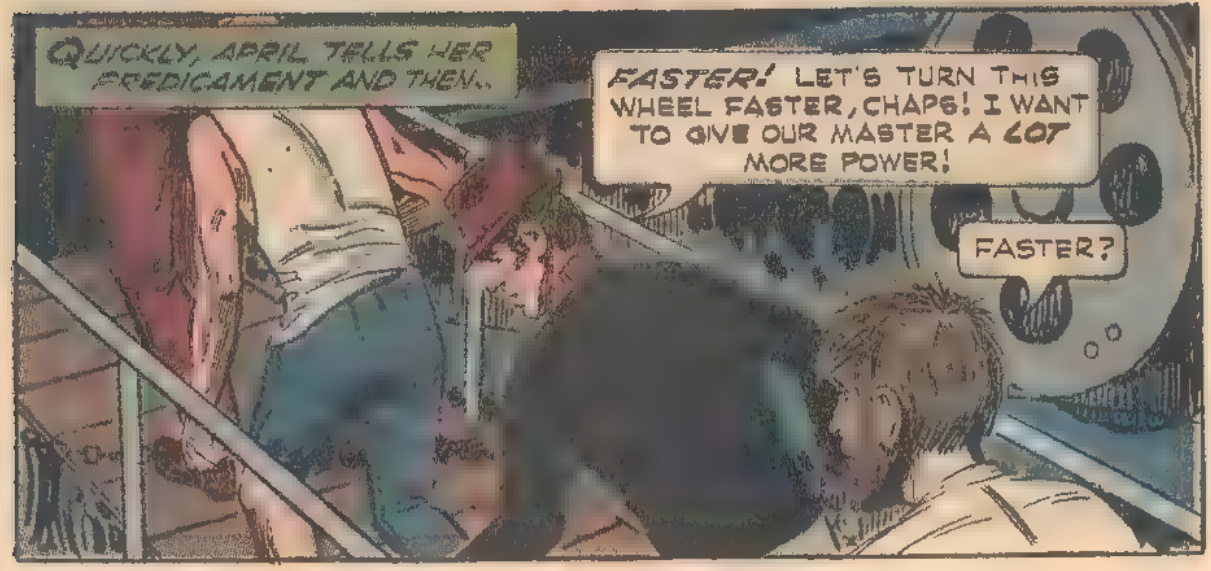
The HAREM-SCAREM AFFAIR

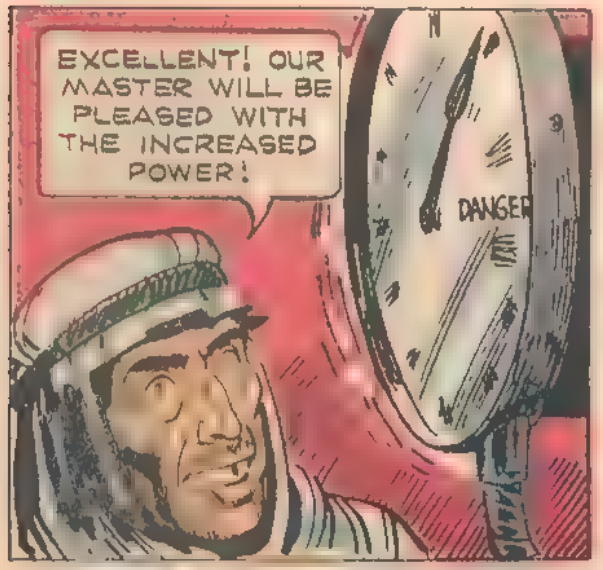
ACT II

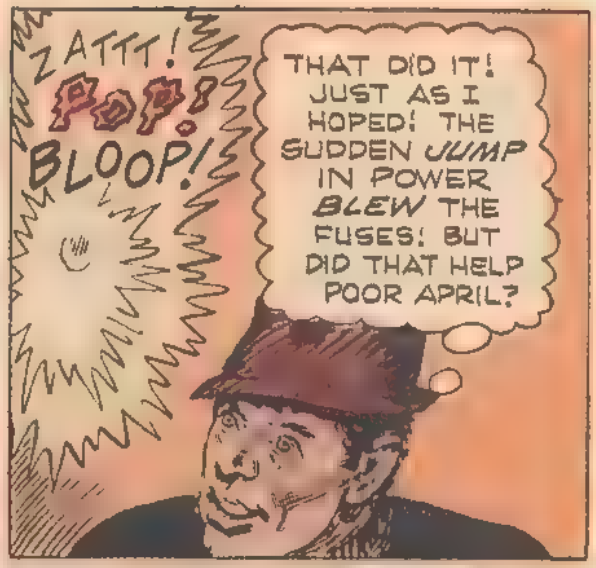
The SLICK OIL PLOT





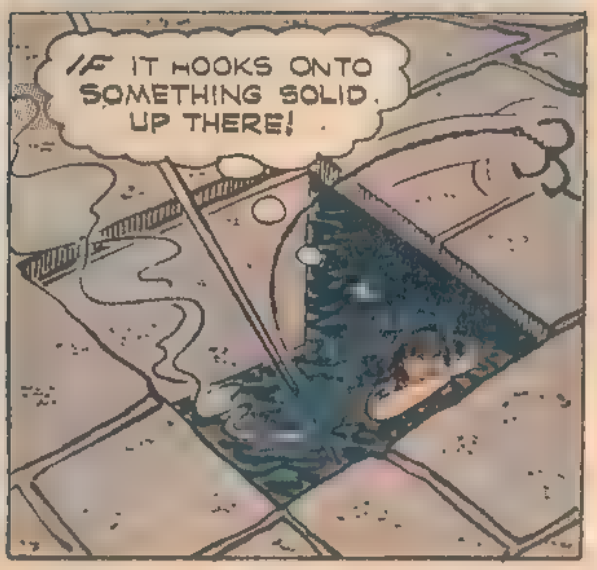



EXCELLENT! OUR MASTER WILL BE PLEASED WITH THE INCREASED POWER!
DANGER


ZATTT!
POP!
BLOOP!
THAT DID IT! JUST AS I HOPED! THE SUDDEN JUMP IN POWER BLEW THE FUSES! BUT DID THAT HELP POOR APRIL?

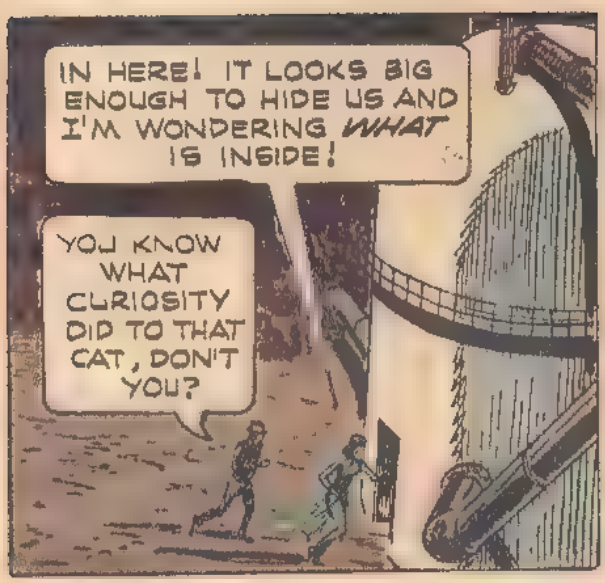
THE LIGHTER HAS STOPPED COMING DOWN! MARK CUT OFF THE POWER! NOW TO CLIMB OUT OF HERE!

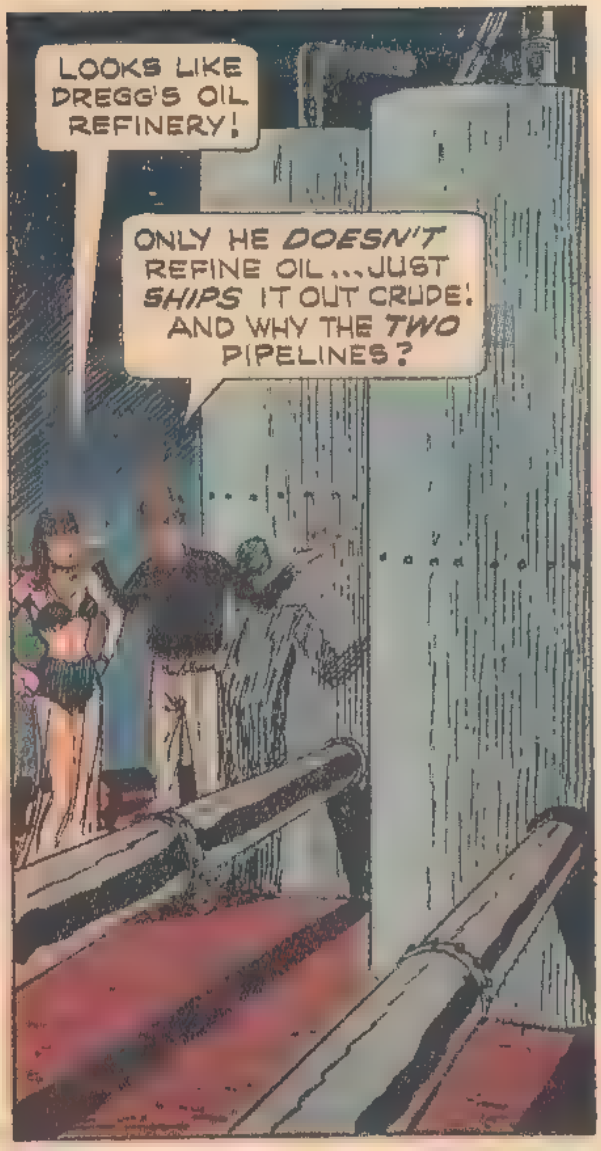
THIS STEEL WIRE GRAPPLING IRON CAN GET ME OUT...

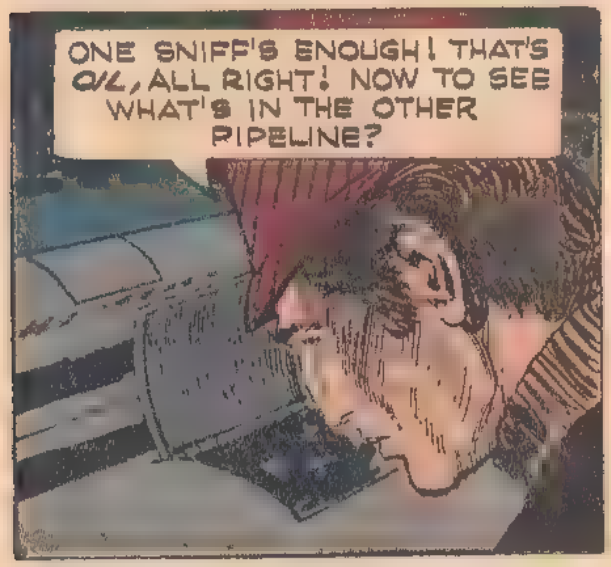

IF IT HOOKS ONTO SOMETHING SOLID, UP THERE!

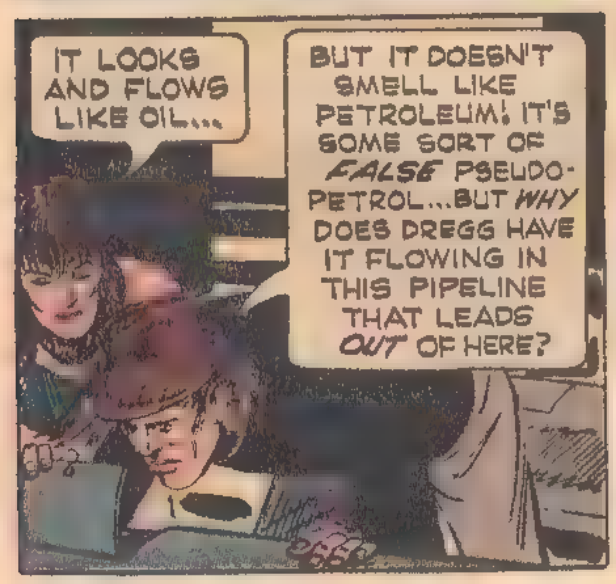
THREE TRIES LATER...
THERE! I'M ANCHORED ONTO SOMETHING!
NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE!
MEAN-WHILE...
YOU WILL BE PUNISHED FOR THIS!
FOR INCREASING OUR OUTPUT? I SAY, THAT DOESN'T SOUND FAIR!
H-HEY!
I WILL GET HER!
HERE! CATCH!

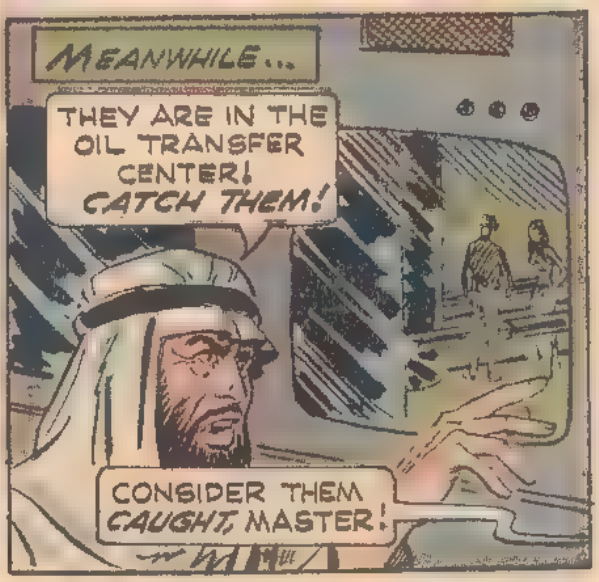
GOOD TOSS, APRIL! NOW GET ME OUT OF THIS SLAVE RIG!
THIS HAIRPIN SEEMS TO BE DOING THE TRICK!
HOW ABOUT FREEING THE OTHER GUYS?
IF WE STAY TO DO THAT, WE'LL BE CAUGHT! IF WE ESCAPE, AND FIND OUT DREGG'S SECRET, WE'LL EVENTUALLY BE ABLE TO RELEASE THEM ALL!
I'LL BUY THAT! BUT WHERE DO WE HIDE?
WELL, HAVE YOU LOCATED THE SPIES?
NOT YET, MASTER! BUT OUR TELE-VISION CAMERAS COVER EVERY PLACE IN YOUR MIGHTY DOMAIN! CONSIDER THEM FOUND!
AND WHEN THEY ARE, THIS TIME WE WILL MAKE SURE IT IS THE LAST TIME THEY TROUBLE US!
CONSIDER OUR TROUBLES OVER, MASTER.


IN HERE! IT LOOKS BIG ENOUGH TO HIDE US AND I'M WONDERING *WHAT* IS INSIDE!
YOU KNOW WHAT CURIOSITY DID TO THAT CAT, DON'T YOU?


LOOKS LIKE DREGG'S OIL REFINERY!
ONLY HE *DOESN'T* REFINE OIL...JUST *SHIPS* IT OUT CRUDE! AND WHY THE *TWO* PIPELINES?


ONE SNIFF'S ENOUGH! THAT'S *OIL*, ALL RIGHT! NOW TO SEE WHAT'S IN THE OTHER PIPELINE?

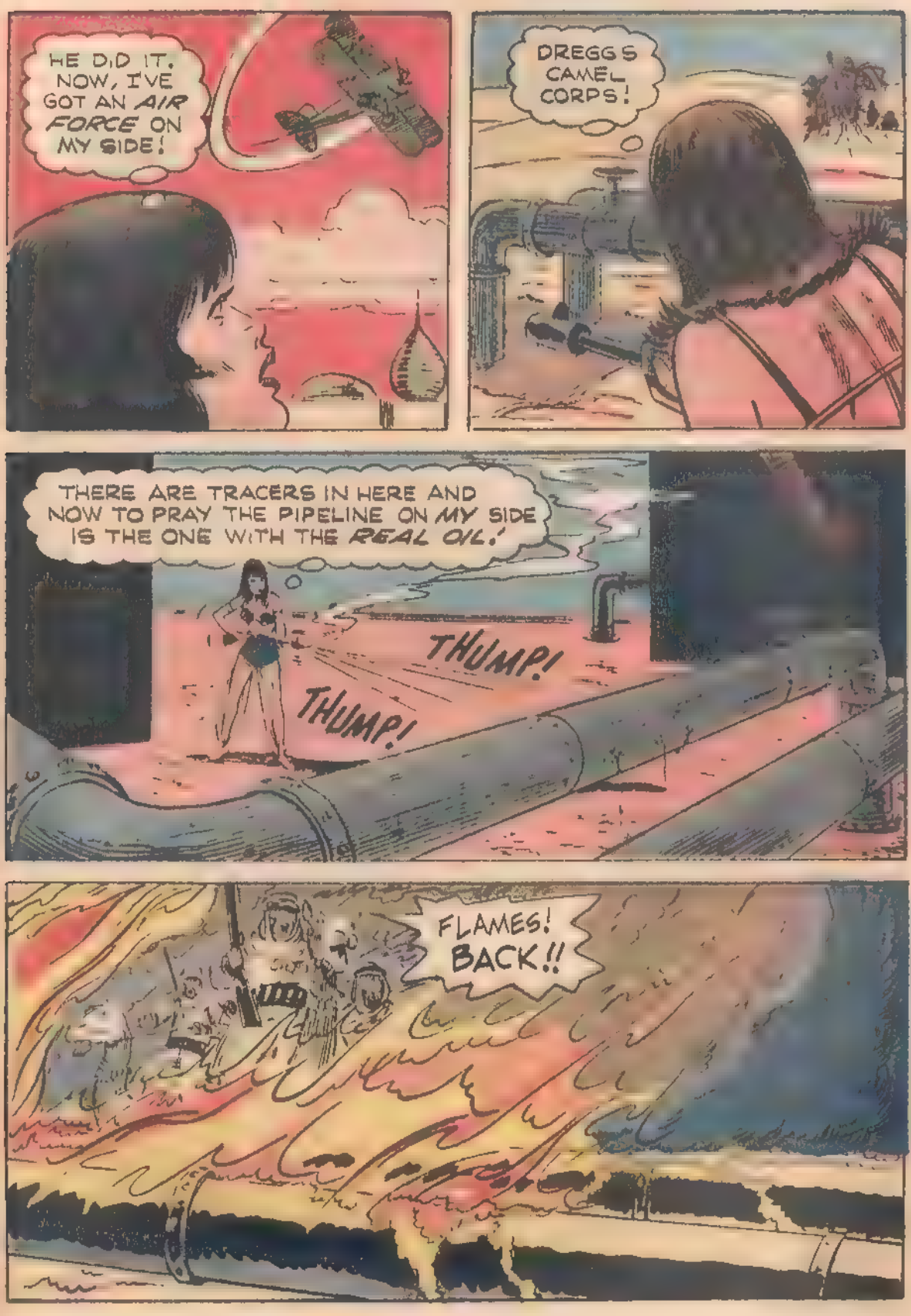

IT LOOKS AND FLOWS LIKE OIL...
BUT IT DOESN'T SMELL LIKE PETROLEUM! IT'S SOME SORT OF *FALSE* PSEUDO-PETROL...BUT *WHY* DOES DREGG HAVE IT FLOWING IN THIS PIPELINE THAT LEADS *OUT* OF HERE?

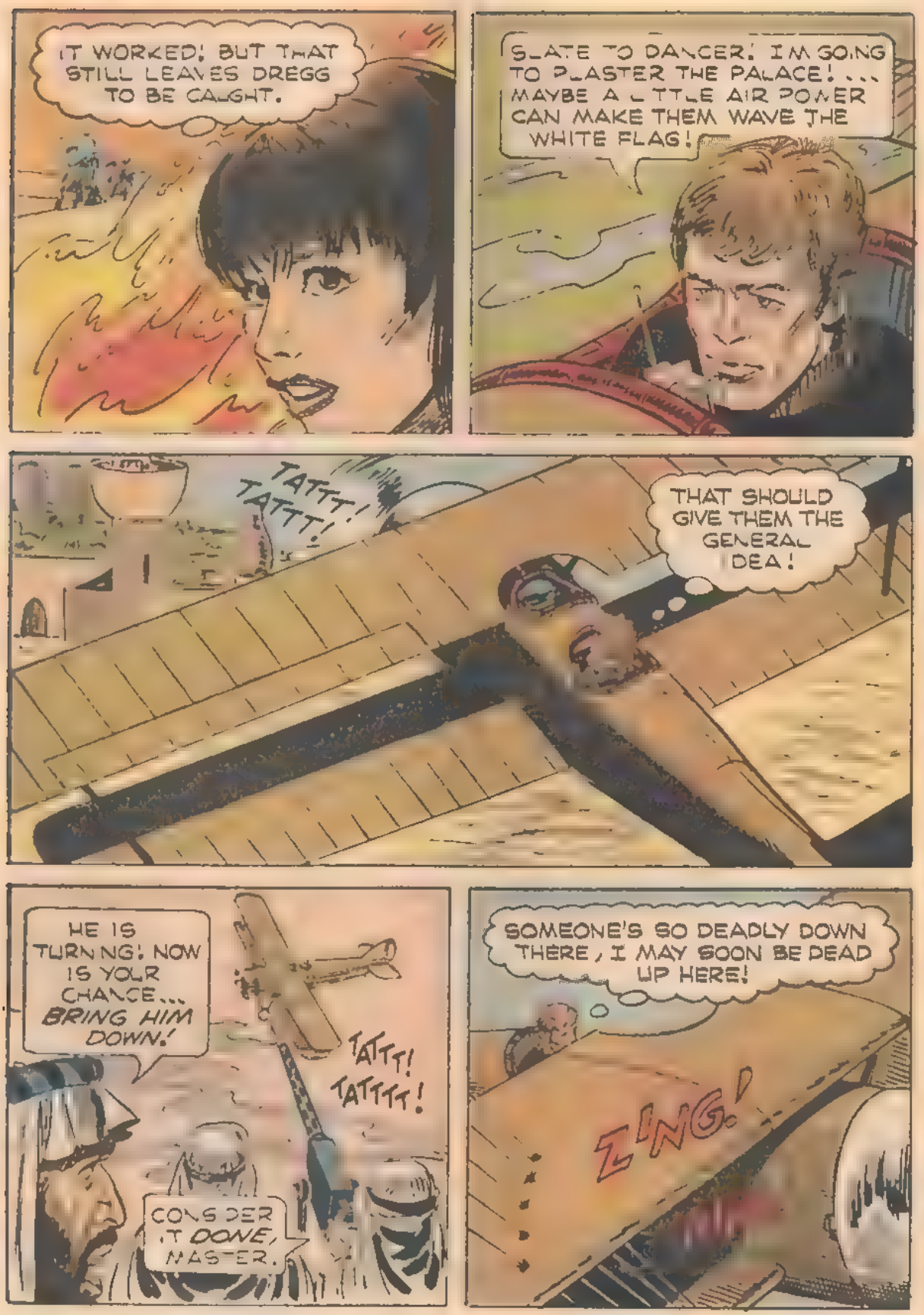

MEANWHILE...
THEY ARE IN THE OIL TRANSFER CENTER! *CATCH THEM!*
CONSIDER THEM *CAUGHT*, MASTER!

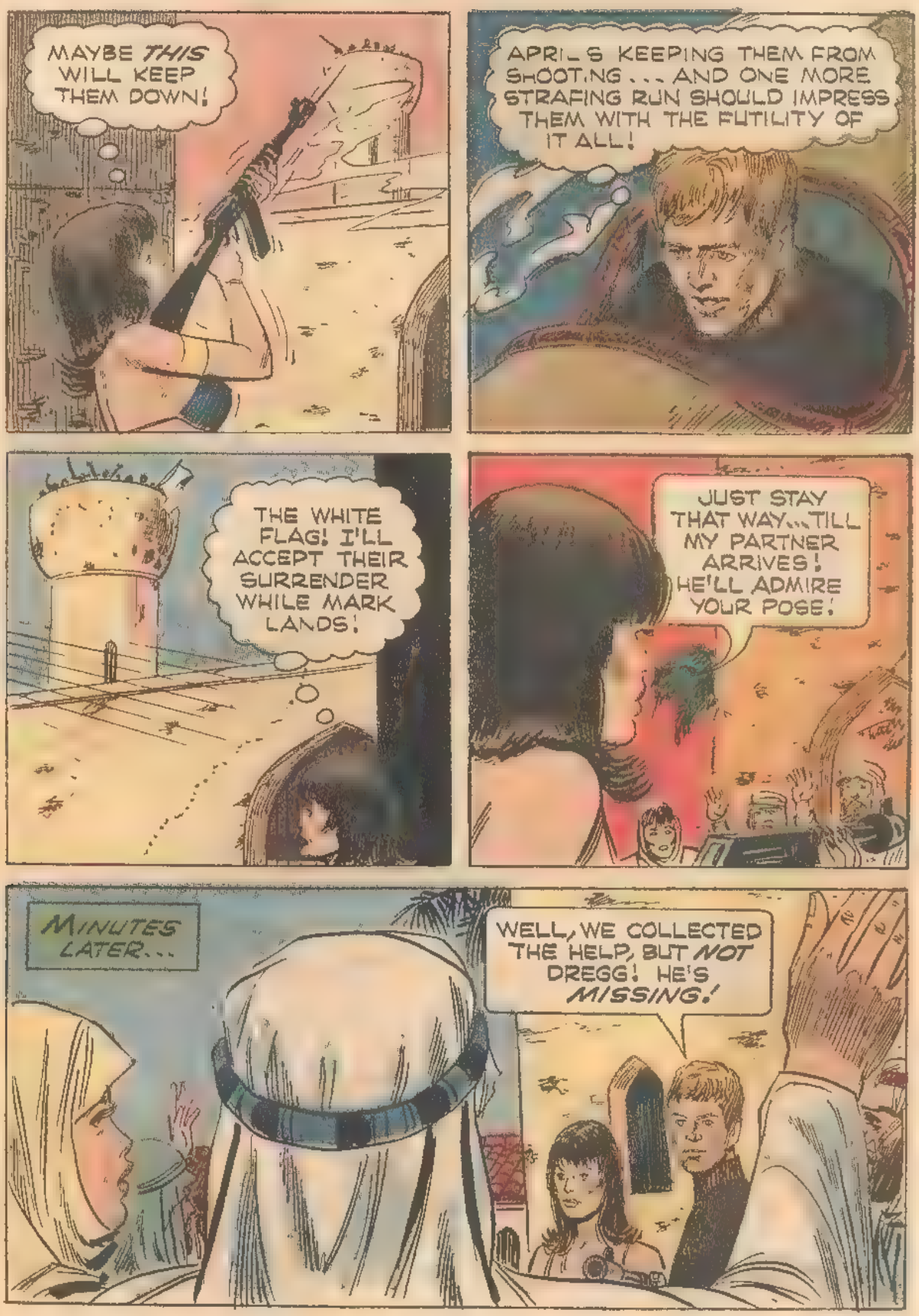
NOW I KNOW HIS SECRET! MARK, PIPELINES LIKE THESE CARRY OIL ACROSS THE MIDDLE EASTERN DESERTS FROM THE OIL FIELDS TO THE SHIPPING CENTERS!
AND OUR MR. DREGG HAS *TAPPED* INTO A PIPELINE OF OIL!
RIGHT! HE IS BLEEDING THE REAL OIL FROM IT AND REPLACING IT WITH HIS PSEUDO-OIL! NO WONDER HE CAN SELL IT SO CHEAPLY...
COMPANY COMING!
H-HEY!
GRAB IT, APRIL!
OWW!
I'LL COVER YOU, MARK: WE KNOW WHAT WE CAME TO LEARN! TRY TO GET US TRANSPORTATION *OUT* OF HERE!
YOU MEAN, DREGG'S ANTIQUE AIR FORCE? I'LL GO FOR THE PLANE!
TAT-
TTATTTT!

ORDER MY PLANE UP! USE IT TO SHOOT THEM!
TATT!
TATT!
HE'S TAKING OFF...BUT *NOT* WITHOUT ME!
WISH I HAD A SEAT BELT TO FASTEN JUST NOW.
SHOULD BE DUAL CONTROLS... IF I CAN REACH THE SECOND COCKPIT...
BAD SHOW! HE'S SEEN ME AND I'VE THE DISTINCT FEELING THAT CHAP'S GOING TO TRY TO *LOSE ME!*

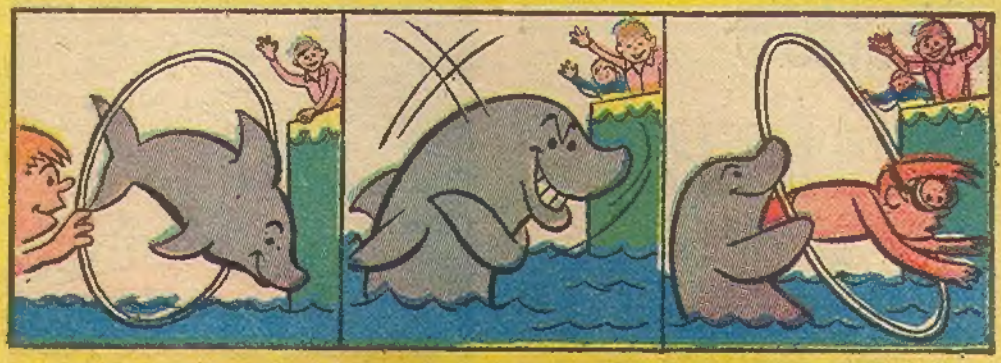
I SAY, THIS ISN'T CRICKET!
BUT IF YOU WANT TO PLAY DIRTY, OLD BOY, *TWO* CAN PLAY THAT WAY!
OWW!
THAT TOOK CARE OF THE PILOT... BUT SOMEONE BETTER TAKE CARE OF THE PLANE!
WE'RE IN A SPIN... AND USUALLY IN THESE OLD CRATES, THAT'S *FATAL!*


HE DID IT. NOW, I'VE GOT AN AIR FORCE ON MY SIDE!
DREGG'S CAMEL CORPS!
THERE ARE TRACERS IN HERE AND NOW TO PRAY THE PIPELINE ON MY SIDE IS THE ONE WITH THE REAL OIL!
THUMP!
THUMP!
FLAMES! BACK!!


IT WORKED! BUT THAT STILL LEAVES DREGG TO BE CAUGHT.
SLATE TO DANCER! I'M GOING TO BLASTER THE PALACE! ... MAYBE A LITTLE AIR POWER CAN MAKE THEM WAVE THE WHITE FLAG!
TATTT! TATTT!
THAT SHOULD GIVE THEM THE GENERAL IDEA!
HE IS TURNING! NOW IS YOUR CHANCE... BRING HIM DOWN!
TATT! TATTTT!
CONSIDER IT DONE, MASTER.
SOMEONE'S SO DEADLY DOWN THERE, I MAY SOON BE DEAD UP HERE!
ZING!

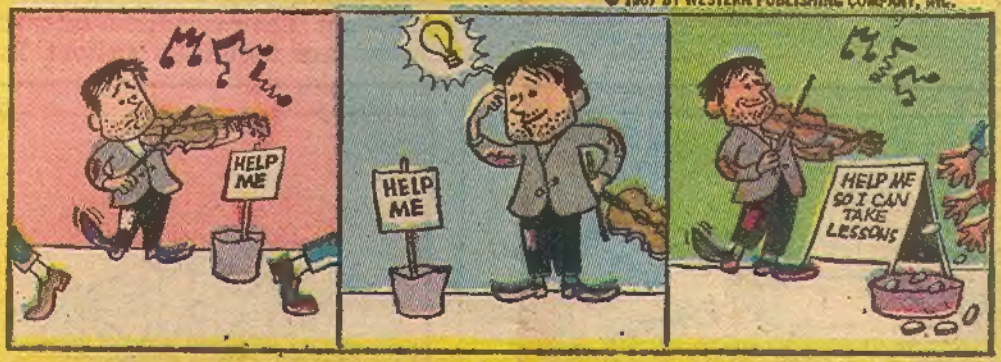

MAYBE THIS WILL KEEP THEM DOWN!
APRIL'S KEEPING THEM FROM SHOOTING... AND ONE MORE STRAFING RUN SHOULD IMPRESS THEM WITH THE FUTILITY OF IT ALL!
THE WHITE FLAG! I'LL ACCEPT THEIR SURRENDER WHILE MARK LANDS!
JUST STAY THAT WAY...TILL MY PARTNER ARRIVES! HE'LL ADMIRE YOUR POSE!
MINUTES LATER...
WELL, WE COLLECTED THE HELP, BUT NOT DREGG! HE'S MISSING!

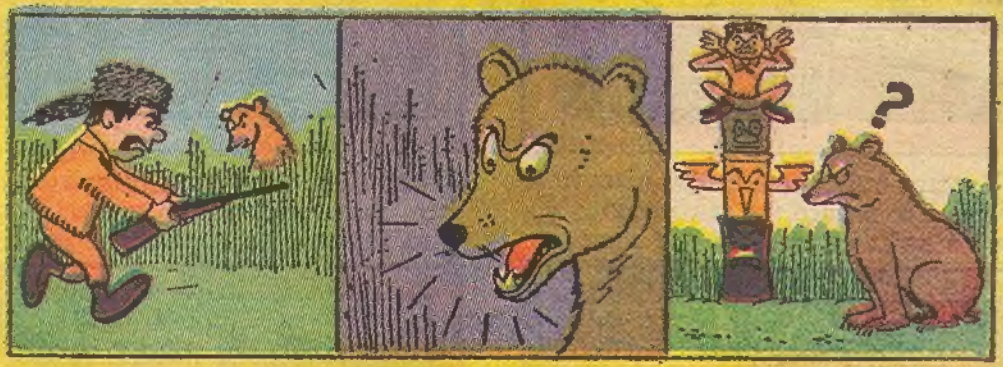
MISSING, BUT NOT GONE!
FRANKLY, ON HIM THE VEIL IS MOST BECOMING!
ONE THING, MR. DREGG, HOW LONG DID YOU IMAGINE YOU COULD STEAL AND SWITCH OIL FOR YOUR PSEUDO PETROLEUM WITHOUT IT BEING DISCOVERED?
IN COLOR, VISCOSITY AND WEIGHT, MY SUBSTITUTE WAS IDENTICAL WITH THE PIPED CRUDE! THE OIL I STOLE WAS DUE TO BE LOADED ONTO TANKERS AND IT WOULD HAVE BEEN MONTHS BEFORE THE SWITCH WAS DISCOVERED AT A REFINERY!
LONG ENOUGH FOR YOU TO HAVE MADE A FORTUNE IN SELLING THE STOLEN OIL AT CUT-RATE PRICES AND TO HAVE PROFITED FROM THE CHAOS YOU'D HAVE CAUSED THROUGHOUT THE MIDDLE EAST!
WELL— WE ALL HAVE OUR LITTLE DREAMS!
LATER...
AND WITH MILLIONS IN PROFIT, IN THE MIDST OF THE CONFUSION, HE HOPED TO TAKE OVER SEVERAL SMALL, OIL-RICH KINGDOMS, BUT DREGG FAILED!
YOU'VE DONE SPLENDIDLY! THE PRICE OF OIL I SEE HAS RETURNED TO ITS FORMER RATE! MOST HEARTENING... AS I OWN SEVERAL SHARES OF OIL STOCK!



QUICK TAKES

© 1967 BY WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

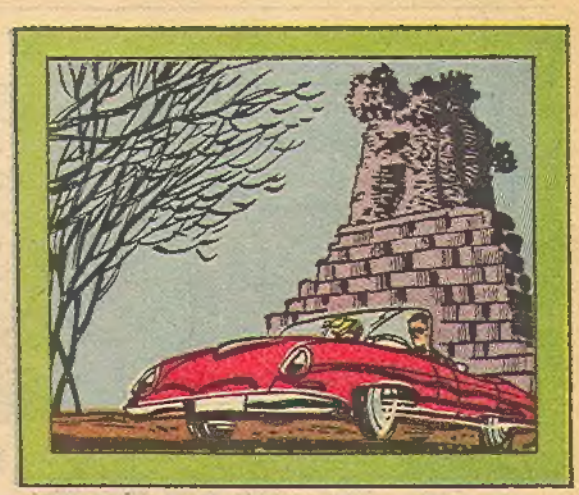




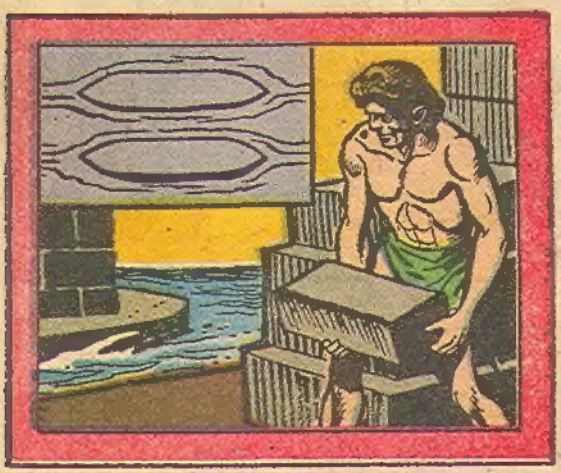
picture dictionary

B BRIDGES

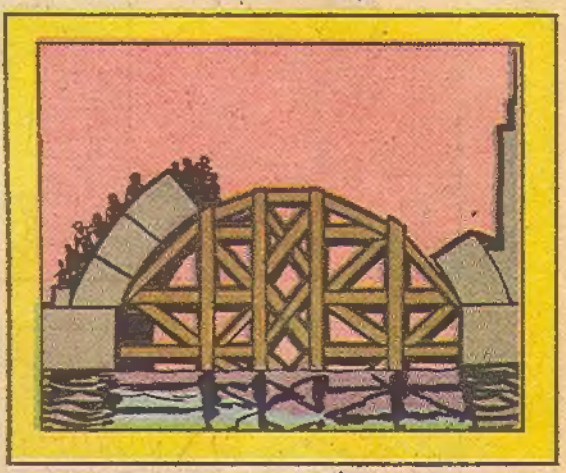
© 1967 BY WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.



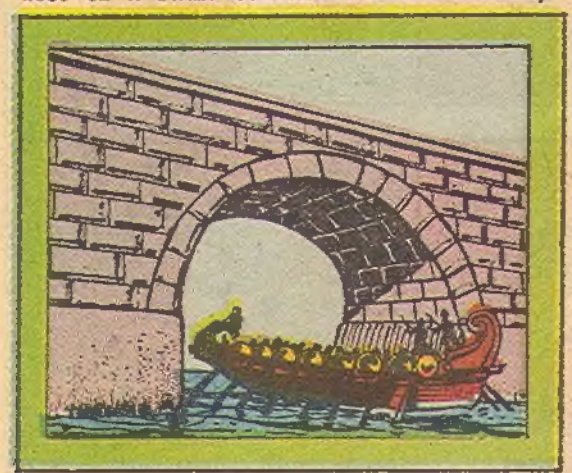
History's first great bridge engineers were the Romans. Their wonderful massive stone archways are found throughout Europe.



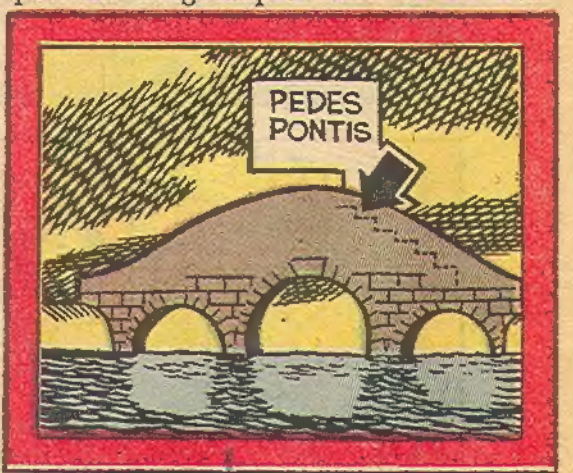
The Romans built these bridge piers in a prow-shape to reduce the undercutting effect of a swift current on the masonry.



When these piers were completed, a timber "falsework" was then erected to support the wedge-shaped stones of the arch.



The stones of the arch were set in overlapping rows for maximum strength. They were held together by their shape alone.



When a longer span was required, the Romans built a larger central arch. Steps *(Pedes pontis)* were provided for pedestrians.

U.N.C.L.E.'s Go-Go Agents

Roaring down the homestretch come April Dancer and Mark Slate in another deadly race against the diabolical cohorts of Thrush!

THE GIRL FROM U.N.C.L.E.

PIN-UP